Voracious Appetite

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Voracious Appetite

by momo015

Summary

For as long as Will could remember, he could never taste the flavors in food. His body rejects all forms of substance he swallows. Everyone around him thinks he's sick, but the truth is, he is uninterested in food. All of that changes when he meets Dr. Lecter who awakens a ravenous man deep inside of him.

Please read my tags

Notes

Well here it is! The short story from my series called Gluttony. Salivating is just a side story I had and was the inspiration for this whole story. Please read my tag because this is just a food/feeding porn fic so... there is really little to no plot in this whatsoever.

Any grammar/spelling mistakes you read are mine so please let me know if you catch any!

See the end of the work for more notes

Prologue

Will walked in Jack's direction and pulled out his vitamins to swallow them dry. He looked at the murder scene before him scanning what damage has been done to this young woman as he closed his eyes, letting the darkness submerge his consciousness into their game. His mind dived into the cause, understanding the murder, his desire, his passion. He blinked opened his eyes, blinking away the darkness. He stared at the murder scene before him, understanding how this man made his design.

He wants attention. He wants to be known. He wants to be heard. He wants her as his next victim.

"Our culprit is a male in his mid 20s, most likely a college graduate. This is not his first time killing, but it is his first time displaying his message. He loves a woman. He is obsessed with her. This is his way of declaring his love for her, but also to tell her that she is his next victim." Will said walking around the body of a dead man, examining the corpse of where he was killed.

"Our victim knew the woman. He was most likely a close friend or an ex-boyfriend, someone who was too close to our next target for our culprits liking. Start by asking his friends and family if he is close friends with or has an ex-girlfriend who is a brunette with green eyes." He finished, fishing out the packet of apple sauce. He turned away from the body and uncapped the lid before sucking it.

"Will." Jack said walking towards him with someone else in tow.

Will didn't look up to greet the newcomer, but merely continued sucking on the apple sauce packet. Using his empathy after three hours of sleep made his body weak. If he doesn't put nutrition in his body soon then he will faint again and then get scolded by Jack.

"I want to introduce your new psychiatrist, Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Dr. Lecter, this is Will, our one of our finest agent on the field." Jack introduced.

Will finished sucking his apple sauce throwing it away to grab another one from his pocket. He ignored the doctor's greetings by uncapping his apple sauce and sucked on it until it was empty. He glanced at the doctor for Jack's sake when something caught his eye.

A fashionable three-piece suit with a horrible print under a black pea coat.

He looks like he's about to go to a fancy dinner than a murder scene Will thought letting his eyes linger on the clothes.

"Is there something interesting about my suit?" the doctor asked as Will's ears picked up a faint European accent he couldn't place.

Having caught his attention Will looked up to see honey eyes shining back at him. A handsome face with high cheekbones and combed light brown hair, gray ones popping up here and there. Everything about this doctor oozed out suaveness. But the more Will looked at the man, the more he could see. His face had sharp edges to them, defining his whole appearance. And his eyes, his eyes alone could send chills down Will's back. Those are the eyes that have seen the abyss or are the abyss itself. A monster in human flesh and bones walking among us.

Will took a step back at the doctor, not liking his threatening presence as he glared at him.

The doctor seemed unaffected by his action, but his eyes seem to say another thing. They are intrigued by him.

"I don't need to see another psychiatrist Jack." He said before walking away, not going to even glance behind him. At that moment, he knew he has awaken a monster who would want to play with him.

Jack turned to Hannibal with a sorry expression.

“Will can be extremely closed off towards psychiatrist. He doesn’t like meeting new people, especially doctors.” Jack explained.

Hannibal merely shook his head, not bothered by it at all. In fact, he is even more interested in getting to know Will. When Will’s eyes met him, Hannibal knew he could see the truth inside of him. A thrill feeling entered his body at their first glance.

“Allow me to meet with him tomorrow morning. I want to have a proper introduction between us.” Hannibal requested as Jack smiled and nodded telling him that he can easily set that up.

Hannibal’s eyes wandered towards the path where Will is and smiled deliciously.

Peckish

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Good morning Will, please do come in.” Dr. Lector greeted with a light smile on his face.

Will looked at him skeptically, not believing that his smile is genuine. A monster is underneath that charismatic mask fooling everyone around him but Will. He can see him for what he truly is. An omnivore that will devour anyone who the monster deems as pigs. Will stood at the entrance to Dr. Lector’s office hating Jack for setting up an appointment behind his back.

“Jack told me that you may be hesitant of doing this, but I promise you that nothing will happen. I simply would just like to talk.” Dr. Lector said opening the door wider for Will.

Will swallowed his reluctance down and entered, knowing what the doctor says is a lie. He looked around the office noting that it is very unusual for a psychiatric office. A big, wide room with tall ceilings. Windows covered up with light shut blinds. A second floor railing covering all around the room with the endless amounts of books. Though, none of those things really caught Will’s attention. Instead, what captured his eyes are the artworks in the office. Sculptures, paintings, artifacts, everything looked like it would belong in a museum than an office.

“Jack informs me that you have always had issues with eating. Can you tell me what you think the issue is? I would like a better understanding from your perspective.” Dr. Lector spoke gesturing for Will to sit down as he sat across from him.

Will stared at the ground, picking at the string from his shirt, clearly not listening to him talking. Hannibal smiled tightly at being ignored and proceeded with the session. As he asked questions, Will continued to stay silent. As much has Hannibal distained this great amount of rudeness, he will get a response out Will one way or another.

“From your medical history, there is no reason as to why your body cannot process food. You do not seem to be allergic to anything. Your prolife says the doctors diagnosed you as anorexic.”

“I’m not anorexic.” Will interrupted angerly, his blue eyes flashing at the word.

Hannibal held back his smile at being able to get a reaction from Will.

“I never said you were, only what the doctors diagnose,” Hannibal said, “though from your appearance that is not hard to believe. When was the last time you weighed yourself?”

Will scoffed and turned around, ignoring Hannibal again.

Hannibal checked the time on his watch and sighed. Only twenty more minutes left in their forty-five minute session.

“Will, I would like for you to answer this one question, if you answer then you are free to leave and I will notify Jack that you are clear for the field.” Hannibal said getting Will’s attention.

Will thought about Hannibal’s proposal and nodded his head. One question would hurt him.

“What is your relationship with food?”

Will furrowed his brow, clearly not understanding his question. As Hannibal suspected.

“Relationship? What do you mean?” Will asked.

“Everyone has a relationship with food. We have food we like, food we don’t like, flavors we prefer and flavors we don’t, textures, smell, etc. Everyone has preferences as to what they like and don’t like to eat. That is how we build a relationship with food. I am merely curious as to what is your relationship and how we can change it.” Hannibal explained seeing Will think about his question.

“I…I don’t know. Ever since I was a child, I could never really taste food. It always tasted boring, flavorless, or dull. Nothing interesting enough for me to really want to eat or have a ‘relationship’ with. Me not being interested in food has affected on how my body can process it. I’m not anorexic because I’m not eating to lose weight, it’s because I just don’t like the taste of everything.” Will said frustratingly as he rubbed his face. He can feel his body start to get tired and his brain start to get mushy. He needs to get nutrition in his body soon and hopefully take a nap.

“Before we end this session Will, I would like to try something with you. If you do not like it, we can immediately stop and end it there for the day.” Hannibal proposed.

Will raised an eyebrow at his proposal.

“What do you have in mind?” He asks.

Hannibal smiled at his question as he got up to take off his tie.

“I am going to blindfold you and I want you to eat a food I have with me. I believe it may desensitize your mind into liking food.” Hannibal explained handing Will his tie.

Will looked down at the tie and up at Hannibal weary. Being blindfolded with a monster in a room is not comforting at all.

Hannibal smiled again at Will’s unwillingness.

“I promised I am not going to do anything other than give you the food.” He said, offering the tie closer to him.

Will sighed and took the tie, wrapping it around his head feeling the warmth from Hannibal. His nose picked up a scent of cologne, and yet underneath it is something musky and sharp,

like sandalwood as well as something new. Something stronger underlying in the scent.

So, this is what Hannibal smells like Will thought closing his eyes as he pulled down the tie. He immediately felt his other four senses heightened as his ears picked up Hannibal's movement. He walked a few steps away from him and then a sound of crunch and something smooth. Like a slice of something with a sharp knife. Will felt his body go on high alert at knowing this demon has a weapon on him.

"Relax your body and mind Will." Hannibal softly spoke, the breath of his voice brushing against his right ear. Will jumped at the feeling, not knowing Hannibal is behind him.

"How can I possibly relax knowing you have a knife in your hand?" he asks.

"I promised I wouldn't do anything to you." Hannibal said softly.

"That's reassuring." Will said sardonically.

"Just relax Will. I promise to not do anything to you. Relax you tense shoulders. Breathe in and out, feel your mind clear of any thoughts. Simply just listen to my voice and I will guide you." Hannibal whispered seeing Will fight against his words. He kept whispering soothing words into Will's ears, until he saw Will take deep breathes in and letting his shoulders relax.

Will took another deep breath in and let it out. He relaxed his body and mind, not understanding why he allowed himself do this.

"Next what I want you to smell what is right in front of you."

Will furrowed his brow and sniffed the thing in front of him.

"Good, good. Let your mind memorize this scent of crisp sweetness with a hint of sourness. Don't try to figure out what it is, but simply to just smell it."

Will breathed in the scent. He can smell something sweet from it with a hint of sourness. It smells fresh and sharp like a scent that belongs near a creak during Autumn.

“Open your mouth.” Hannibal commanded.

Will felt a sharp bolt hit him as his body became on alert again. For some unknown reason, it feels like a thrill of excitement wash over him. The unknowing of what he is going to eat is starting to arouse him. He opened his mouth without second thought.

Hannibal looked down at the man before him and memorized it. Will looks to beautiful being relaxed, blindfolded and with his mouth hanging open. This look Will has is too tempting to not do something, but he refrained. This session is not about him, but about Will. He can indulge himself later.

“*Bon appétit.*” Hannibal said placing the slice apple gently in Will’s mouth and watched him chew.

Will has never tasted something this delicious before. Something so sweet with the perfect balance of sourness and oh his mouth is watering at the flavor bursting through his mouth. He tried his best to hold back the moan as he swallowed it. His body felt alive. It isn’t repulsed by this food. It has actually allowed it to go down.

“More.” Will pleaded, opening his mouth wider.

Hannibal sucked in a breath at Will’s plea, his own body starting to get excited.

“But of course.” Hannibal cooed feeding Will another slice of apple.

Will quickly closed his mouth at the sliced apple, not caring that he is sucking on Hannibal’s fingers as they taste like it. He felt alive. Everything inside of him demands more, wants

more, craves more. This is what it is like to taste. To really relish in the pleasure in eating. Will demanded more and more, licking his lips as the juices ran down his chin.

“More, please. I want more.” Will begged, his body already passed the limit of processing more, but he doesn’t care. He just wants to enjoy the feeling of pleasure at eating like this. This is the first time in his whole life that he can taste food and wants to savor every last bite his mouth can get.

“I’m afraid Will that our time is up.” Hannibal announced, bringing Will back to reality.

Will reached out for Hannibal, grabbing his wrist and pulling him down.

“One more bite, please. I-I want to fully savor it this time.” He begged, his mouth still watering.

Hannibal chuckled at Will’s eagerness. He honestly didn’t expect this would work so well on Will.

“One more bite.” Hannibal said placing the last slice of apple inside of Will’s mouth.

Will’s gentle mouth latched on to Hannibal’s fingers, sucking them again until there was no more flavor left as he slowly chewed on his food letting himself indulge at this deliciousness. Once he swallowed, Will pulled down the blindfold. He looked around him hazed as he saw Hannibal in front of him. He leaned forward, pressing his head against his torso. He has never felt his tired before. His mind feels fuzzy, his body feels light and he can’t seem to keep his eyes open.

“I’m glad you enjoyed our session Will. What time are you next available?” Hannibal asked, combing his hand through Will’s black curls.

Will moaned at the touch and leaned forward more. It took him a minute to process Hannibal’s question.

“Tomorrow. I-I want to eat again.” Will complained looking up at Hannibal dazed.

“Of you do, Will. It is only natural to feel this way after a food meal. What you are feeling right now is a food high. It would be unethical of me to send you home in such a comatose state. I am going to put you on my chaise lounge for you to sleep. When you wake up, we can schedule your next appointment and you are free to leave.” Hannibal said carrying Will to lie down for sleep.

Will merely nodded, his eyes already closed, not processing a single word of what Hannibal said. He let himself get comfortable on such a soft pillow and bathed in a nightmare-less sleep with a full belly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for supporting this story. If you see any grammar mistakes that is mine fault and I will go back and edit it. The first chapter isn't smutty, but I have several things planned as each chapter gets more and more kinky with food ;)

Refreshed

Chapter Notes

> Super short chapter I know and apologize, but I already have the next chapter planned and am going to post it either next week, I promise! The smut is going to happen soon, in like 2-3 chapters... it will get hot and steamy soon enough that you can't see through the fog ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Will,” A soft voice whispered, string his mind from dreaming, “Will.” It whispered again, the warm breath brushing against his ear. Will groaned and sleepily tried to open his eyes. Blurry, dim lights invaded his vision as his mind felt like fog, not understanding why he has to wake up after such a peaceful moment of sleep.

“Will, it’s time to wake up.” The voice said, this time a bit louder.

“I know, I know.” Will whined, rubbing his eyes of sleep. He took in a deep breath and blinked open his eyes, familiarizing himself with his surroundings. He looked up to see the doctor hoovering over him with a pleased smile on his face making him grimace. That smug smile on his face made Will want to bite it off.

“Am I in Hell?” he deadpanned, slowly pushing his body up from the soft cushions. He rolled his neck, feeling a few pops from his stiff shoulders.

“That depends on what your view of Hell is.” Hannibal said, his smile growing wider making Will scowl. Biting off that smile is starting to become really tempting.

“Waking up to see your hovering face watching me sleep with a creepy smile.” He answered.

“You think my smile is creepy?” Hannibal said, his expression neutral, but the tone in his voice sounded a bit flirtatious.

Will looked at Hannibal whose smile only grew and nodded his head. “Extremely creepy.”

Hannibal chuckled at his response and went to grab Will’s jacket on the arm of a chair. He held it out for him, as Will stood up.

“Apologies for waking you up unpleasantly, but I have another client’s appointment soon. I hope you can understand.” Hannibal said, giving his jacket back to him.

Will rubbed his eyes and sighed checking the time on his watch. It is close to one in the afternoon. He slept for two whole peaceful hours and felt refreshed. His body didn’t feel heavy and weak and his mind didn’t hurt or throb and feel mushy. He looked down at his hands and grasped them. His whole body felt different and new. It is shocking to believe the feeling of having a functioning body.

“What did you do to me?” Will asked, looking up at Hannibal with brief awe at his therapy session.

“I did nothing you didn’t want me to do,” Hannibal replied with a soft smile as he walked to the door, “But before you go, would you like to schedule your next appointment?”

Will hesitated walking out, internally debating about whether he wants to see Hannibal again or not. He briefly weighed the pros and cons, knowing there will be more pros than the cons. But that one con that is preventing from immediately agreeing is if he can stand to see Hannibal again. While Hannibal has his power of being able to make him eat, and have his body feel good, the thought of being alone with this predator isn’t exactly ideal. He should never lower his guard when alone with him. He looked up at Hannibal, seeing him calmly standing next to the door, looking at Will with hungry, devouring eyes. A shiver of excitement ran down Will’s spine.

“I’ll contact you if I want to set up another appointment.” Will said, hopping that would be the safest option.

Hannibal smile disappeared, as it turned into a slight frown. But it only lasted briefly before he smiled again and opened the door wider for Will.

“Of course. It can be overwhelming at first to start therapy, so please feel free to reach out me when you are ready to have another session. I don’t want to pressure you or follow Jack’s orders.” Hannibal said, as Will walked past him.

Will looked into Hannibal eyes again and saw disappointment. He recognized it as disappointment of not knowing when they are going to see each other again. A soft flutter entered his chest at the sad look appearing on Hannibal’s face. Will looked away, scolding himself for feeling anything positive towards the demon. He blamed his pure empathy for wanting to connect with the doctor.

“Hannibal I –” Will started to say but got interrupted.

“Dr. Lecter!” a chirpy voice greeted from down the hallway, “Are you ready for your session with me?”

Will looked down as the new stranger walking towards them. He nodded his head towards Hannibal and walked away, briefly glancing at the next client walking past him. A short, chubby man wearing a knock-off suite and tie with a shit eating smile. Another smile Will wants to bite off more than Hannibal’s.

“Mr. Froideveaux, welcome. Please, do come in and make yourself comfortable.” Will heard Hannibal greet. He briefly checked behind him to see the client walk inside the office and Hannibal’s clear disapproving face. Hannibal eyes met his and he smiled again, before stepping inside his office and closing the door. Will felt his chest skip a beat that that charming smile.

Fucking demon Will huffed out, his mind storing that smile away in his memory.

Chapter End Notes

The reason why this chapter is short is because I am currently working on a little something else on the side that I cannot wait to share. It's a one shot with a non-traditional omegaverse theme that I have been dying to write (not kidding). It is everything that I envision about Hannibal if it took place in an omegaverse setting...soo...please wait until I finish writing and editing it!

Empty

Chapter Notes

Late I know and I am so sorry!! I got a bit carried away when writing so it gets a bit steamy when reading cause I felt like it just needed it.

Anyways, I have gotten a bit more free time lately so it has been giving me a lot of time to write more and so many new ideas for stories are haunting my mind. So I apologize for the slow updates cause I'm probably going to be working on prototypes or something...

Any grammatical and spelling errors you see are mine and I will edit it as soon as I can!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will bit his thumb as he continued to drive. Annoyance and frustration consuming his whole entire body. It's been two weeks since his first session with Hannibal. Two whole weeks since he had tasted the delicious apple.

All he could think about in the two weeks was how amazing it felt to eat and not puke it back out. His whole mind replayed that sensation his body felt. The feeling of his teeth taking the bite into the apple slice. The way his tongue burst with sweet flavor of the juice at the taste as he chewed. And then there was the swallow. The feeling of being able to swallow something without the fear of feeling nauseas right after.

"Fuck!" Will cursed, slamming his head against his car window. He is tired, sleepy, starving and most of all desperate. The torture he felt is starting to become too much for him to bear. He has gotten the taste of the forbidden fruit and now he can't taste anything else.

Once he parked it car, his weak legs carried him to Hannibal. Will stormed into Hannibal's office seeing him in a middle of a session with another client. He recognized the client as the one who interrupted their conversation last time, Mr. Froideveaux. The one with the shit-eating smile. He growled at the chubby man.

"Excuse me, but what on Earth do you think you are doing!" Froideveaux exclaimed, standing up from his seat, "Do you understand how rude it is to barge in on another client's

session? If are Dr. Lecter's next client, then I ask you to please wait until my session is over."

Will snarled at him, not wanting to deal with this man. The agitation started to crawl all over his skin as he itched his hands to get rid of it. He looked at Hannibal who looked surprised to see him and begged him to help. His body is going to collapse soon if he isn't fed.

Thankfully Hannibal read the clear message of his distress and got up from his seat to collect Froideveaux's belongings.

"Mr. Froideveaux, I apologize, but I am going to have to cut our session short today. My other client at the moment clearly needs my help as he is very mentally unstable. I will refund you for the time you did not use. I sincerely apologize and hope you can understand and will see you next week." Hannibal said with a weak smile.

"But-but, my session. Dr. Lecter, isn't it unorthodox of you to cut my session that I am paying for. This is my session, not his! I need you more than him! Can't *he* wait!" Froideveaux whined, his face clearly begging for Hannibal to reconsider.

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Froideveaux, but I know you will be alright. As I said before, I will refund you for the time you did not use. My other client at the moment is very dangerous right now if I do not help him. I truly hope you understand." Hannibal said, gently pushing Froideveaux out the door.

Will anxiously watched the scene of Hannibal doing his magic of getting that git out off his office. Froideveaux shot Will a murderous glare and Will couldn't help but sneer back.

Once the door closed, Hannibal turned around to look at Will with a clear face of disapproval. Something solid in Will's guts dropped at the look. Hannibal silently walked his way towards Will glaring at him. Will felt like a child who is in trouble at the look and gulped his nerves down.

"How disobedient you are becoming *William*." Hannibal said harshly, standing in front of Will glaring down like he is nothing.

Will felt his body flinch at the tone. He hates being called William and by his reaction to the name, Hannibal clearly knows it too.

“I’m–”

“Kneel.” Hannibal ordered, his voice completely changed to a sharp demanding tone.

Will’s knees dropped to the ground at the order, his weak legs finally giving up of not being able to support his body. He glanced up to see Hannibal peer down at him with a smirk.

“I’m sorry.” Will muttered out, hopping to appease Hannibal, but Hannibal’s smirk disappeared.

“Did I say you could apologize?” Hannibal asked, walking behind his desk to fetch something.

“No.” Will softly replied, shaking his head.

“Are you always this disobedient William?” Hannibal asked, walking to him with a scarf in hand.

Will shook his head again, pleading at Hannibal.

“I find that hard to believe,” Hannibal said, taking off his tie, “hold both of your wrists behind your back.”

Will immediately did so for Hannibal, wanting to please him. Hannibal smiled at his quick response.

“Good boy.” He said, gently running his hand through Will’s curls. The sensation felt amazing against his skull causing Will lean into the comforting touch.

“Now show me just how much of a good boy you are.” Hannibal said, taking his tie and wrapping it around Will’s wrist tightly to that he can’t break free.

“As punishment for interrupting my session with a client, you are to kneel here for the time they didn’t finish.” Hannibal ordered, taking the scarf and folding it to wrap around Will’s eyes.

“But, how long?” Will asked, looking up.

“Good boys take their punishment without question William.” Hannibal said, covering Will’s sight with his scarf. He tied a knot and petted Will’s head one last time before leaving him be.

Will kneeled there, his sight shrouded up in darkness. He tried his best to hear for Hannibal in the room, a faint footstep, an inhale, anything that would indicate to him that Hannibal is with him. He lowered his head and sighed. Was he a fool for being here? Tied up, blindfolded and kneeling. He tested the restraint on his wrist. He could easily break out and leave, but the thought of seeing the disapproval look on Hannibal’s face again just isn’t worth it.

This is his punishment. He made a mistake. He interrupted Hannibal’s session when he could have easily called to book one. Will grumpily thought of why he didn’t do it sooner. His whole body craved food and not just substance. Hannibal can give him that. His mind feels weak, his rationality gone and all he can think about is food. Will Hannibal feed him again if he takes his punishment like a good boy? That’s what he said. Determined to be fed, Will will kneel here until Hannibal says so.

After what felt like hours of silence, Will heard Hannibal step forward.

“What a good boy you are Will. You handled your punishment so well. I am very proud.” Hannibal praised, petting Will’s head.

Will mewed at the touch, desperate for contact, leaning in until he pressed his face against Hannibal's thighs. Will nuzzled his face against the warm, comfortable thigh as Hannibal's fingers combed through his curls. His body filled with tingles of joy at such praise. He never felt his way when Jack tells him he did a good job.

"My poor boy, you must be hungry." Hannibal sighed, stepping away from Will.

Will whined at the loss of contact and desperately nodded his head. He is. He is so very, very hungry.

"Unfortunately for you, I will not be feeding you yet." Hannibal interrupt in Will's moment of glee.

"W-why not. I'm – I'm a good boy. You said that I am." Will called out, searching for Hannibal in the darkness.

"You are a good boy for doing your punishment, but you hurt me Will. You didn't reach out to me at all during the two weeks. I am very upset by that." Hannibal said, his voice sounding wounded.

Will felt guilt plummet his body, the solid rock in his stomach sinking even further. He slammed his head against the floor at irritation he felt. His fingernails clawing at his fingers at how stupid of a mistake he made. Of course, Hannibal would be upset by being ignored.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal." Will apologized.

"You will be forgiven once you eat everything off the plate William." Hannibal said, stepping forward as he placed a plate down on the floor in front of Will.

Will stuck his tongue out, searching for the plate until he felt the rim. He traced his tongue to the center until he tasted something cold, wet and salty. Confused, Will licked it and scrunched up his nose. Too salty. But determination won't cause Will to be upset with having to eat whatever this is. It's his punishment for hurting Hannibal's feelings. He took a piece in his mouth and chewed on it surprised by the lack of taste. It is cold, crunchy, and watery with salt only at the top. Will didn't mind the texture but is disappointed of the lack of flavor. It tasted bland and nothing noteworthy. He quickly ate the second, third and fourth. He licked the plate for anymore in case he missed any.

The sound of Hannibal clapping his hand reached up ears as he rose up looking in the direction of Hannibal's clap.

"What a good boy you are Will. You truly are a good boy. The best I could ever ask for." Hannibal cooed, whipping Will's face of his saliva. Will grinned, happy that his second punishment is over and leaned forward until his head found Hannibal's chest. The scent of fancy cologne and a calming scent of pines and honey. He buried his face in the smell, feeling Hannibal's arms wrap themselves around him. His large hands stroking his back in a soothing manner. Will smiled knowing he is now a good boy.

Hannibal watched in awe at the man in his arms. Eyes closed, deep breathing and a smile on content. What a good boy Will is. He ran his fingers through Will's curls, gently combing away the tangles his hair has. He ran his fingers all the way down to Will's nape and massaged the tension he felt.

Will moaned in his chest at the sensation. Hannibal smiled more and continued to massage the spot there. The little moans and whimpers Will makes amused him too much to stop. Even tied up and blindfolded, Will looks beautiful. Hannibal looked at his little charcuterie plate he made. He wonders if Will will still be hungry to eat some. After eating four slices of cucumber, his stomach must be almost full.

"Will," Hannibal whispered, "are you still hungry?"

It took Will a few minutes to respond, but he nodded. Hannibal smiled and got up, gently pulling Will with him. Staying on the floor won't be good for their bodies. He directed Will

to his chaise lounge and Will quickly made himself comfortable. He pressed his back against Hannibal, lying between his legs, with his head resting on Hannibal's shoulder.

Hannibal reached for his small charcuterie plate lying on the side table next to the chaise lounge. He looked next to Will, his mouth already open with no hesitation. Hannibal smiled even more and felt an urge to smother him with kisses at how beautiful he looked. Tied, blindfolded and mouth open for whatever comes his way. Hannibal looked at his plate wondering what he should give Will first to try. There are many things, Hannibal knows Will may love, but for someone who does not know how to properly eat, this must be a step by step process. He decided to go simple with a lomo serrano.

"*Bon appétit*." He said, slowly sliding the piece of meat in Will's mouth. He carefully watched Will close his mouth, feeling his tongue take the meat out of his fingers and sucking at them to taste the meat.

"Good," Hannibal whispered, transfixed by Will, "chew this slowly Will. You want to let your tongue taste the flavor before chewing."

Hannibal saw Will move the piece of meat around in his mouth, tasting it.

"Does your tongue feel the dryness of the meat? The rough texture it has? As you take your first bite, can you taste flavor? The smokiness of the smoked paprika, the sharp bite from the garlic, the salt, and pepper and all the other spices? Do you feel it all dance in your mouth as you swallow." Hannibal guided, seeing Will follow with a dreamy smile.

"More?" He whispered, nuzzling his nose into Hannibal's neck.

"*Mais bien sûr, ma chérie.* I want you to fully taste the beauty eating. Don't let only your tongue feel the delicious taste, but also your whole body. Allow yourself to relax." Hannibal softly whispered, taking a piece of rosemary and olive oil asiago cheese and gently pushing it inside Will's mouth, feeling his thumb get grazed by Will's teeth and seeing a string of saliva.

Will gasped at the taste of the cheese, making Hannibal chuckle as he used his other hand to pet Will's torso. He pressed his mouth close to Will's ear giving it a light brief kiss. His

mouth salivated at the idea of what Will must taste like.

“Did you like the surprise? Do you like how salty and sharp it tasted with a smooth texture? A savoury cheese that can make you taste the richness, nuttiness and fruitiness. Really favor the taste in your mouth, Will.” Hannibal said, petting his hand lower on Will’s torso, seeing a very clear bulge. He smirked at the sight.

“Do you want to know a secret Will?” Hannibal asked, unbuttoning Will’s pants.

“Hm?” Will asked, panting.

Hannibal glanced to see Will completely aroused and hungry. A flushed red face with drool dropping at the side of his mouth.

“One of the most beautiful things about food is how you can combine foods together and make them taste even better,” Hannibal hummed out, unzipping Will’s fly, “do you want to try it?”

Will moaned and desperately nodded his head, bucking his hips in the air for any kind of friction.

“Hush now,” Hannibal gently scolded, grasping Will’s erect cock and lowering his hips back down, “You don’t want to spoil your appetite, do you?”

Will shook his head and whined when Hannibal took his hand off his erection. Hannibal smirked at the whimpering Will made, seeing a wet spot appear on his underwear.

Hannibal with one hand took a piece of the meat and wrapped it with the cheese. His other hand dived underneath Will’s pants and underwear and grabbed the hard cock giving it a gentle squeeze, feeling it pulse at his touch. Will moaned and tried to thrust his hips up more to reach an orgasm. Hannibal smiled at how close Will already is.

“Open your mouth again, Will. This is the first step to tasting beauty in food.” Hannibal ordered, watching Will open his mouth wide open. He gently placed the meat in Will’s mouth, feeling Will quickly close his mouth trapping his fingers inside. Hannibal felt the vibrations of Will’s moans through his fingers.

Hannibal continued to stroke Will through his slow chewing, hearing the beautiful grunts and whimpers. Will panted as he chewed and thrusting his hips to Hannibal’s rhythm faster and suddenly shuddering when his orgasm hit. Hot ropes of cum shot out and landed inside Hannibal’s hand. Will grunted and bucked his hips more to get the last bit of cum out.

“Yes, what a good boy,” Hannibal cooed, placing gentle kisses on Will’s ear and temple, “You were so perfect at following my instructions. You’ve made me so proud. Did you like getting the first taste of beauty?”

Will slowly nodded his head, his body going limp from the pleasurable experience.

Hannibal smiled and took his handkerchief to wipe off the cum on his hand. A perfect waste of deliciousness in his opinion, but there are going to be plenty of times he can taste Will later in the future. He gently pushed Will up to untie his hands and blindfold. He laid themselves back down and wrapped both arms around Will’s body, feeling Will snuggle in his arms.

“Are you starting to enjoy eating Will?” Hannibal asked, smiling at the sighs of content Will gave when petting him.

“Mmhm. With your sessions Hannibal, I think I can really start to enjoy eating properly.” Will responded his voice hoarse. Hannibal felt his chest warm at the welcoming invitation and kissed Will’s forehead.

“I’m happy to help you during your journey my darling boy.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoy reading this as it will be a good introduction to how the future smut is going to be for these two. I am so many sexy ideas for these two and would love to hear what you want cause I'm happy for open ideas. Stay safe, wear a mask, and be kind and I will see you next time!

End Notes

I thought a nice introduction for how they met would have been cute to start the story off before we get to the really good stuff.

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